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## UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 6.

## ( ) - ( ) 11:30, to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T. FEBRUARY 11, 1932 THURSDAY OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers. Again we bring you Ranger Jim and Jerry -- Jim Robbins, veteran of many a hard battle with wind and snow, heat and fire; and Jerry Quick, his new assistant, who is just learning the ropes in protecting the public resources on the national forests. Two weeks ago, Jim and Jerry finished marking some timber for cutting, and the Winding Creek Lumber Company already is on the area taking out the trees that were marked to go to the mill, and leaving the unmarked trees so that there will still be a good stand of thrifty, growing timber left. Our scene opens today at the logging camp, just as the men are coming in from the woods for lunch.

(SOUND OF SEVERAL MEN'S VOICES)

HANK: Hello, Alf.

ALF: 'Allo, Hank.

HANK: Hungry, Alf?

ALF: Ay tank ay can eat planty apple-sauce, by yiminy.

HANK: That's the boy, Alf. -- How d'ye like the job?

ALF: She ban gude yob, Hank. Not moch mo'ney, but planty apple-sauce, by yimminy.

(SEVERAL MEN LAUGH)

HANK: Alf sure likes his apple-sauce, ain't that right?

SEVERAL LOGGERS: Yeah. I'll say. (etc.)

HANK: Apple-sauce is the apple of his eye. Haw, haw.

How's that one, you guys?

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(SEVERAL MEN LAUGH)

BAPTISTE: Wot you mean, she's apple hees eye?

HANK: Haw, haw. Baptiste don't get it. Well, y'see --

apple sauce is -- uh -- well, its - the apple of

his eye. See?

BAPTISTE: Hees eye? She's no apple, by gar.

HINK: Naw, his eye ain't no apple. Y'see, Baptiste, his

eye ain't no apple, but it's always lookin' around

for applesauce, see?

BAPTISTE: Sure, dass right, by gar.

H/NK: So that makes apple-sauce the apple of his eye, see?

ALF: Ay don't care. Ay like apple-sauce, by yimminy.

BAPTISTE: Hank, she's crazy dass wot he ees.

HANK: Aw, you guys don't know a good crack when yuh hear

one. -- Wait a minute. Who's this guy comin' over

here?

JERRY: Hello, fellows.

(A FEW GRUNTS IN RESPONSE)

JERRY: How's the logging going?

HANK: All right. Why?

JERRY: I was just wondering. -- Say, you fellows want to be

careful to cut your stumps low, so as to avoid waste.

And not to take any trees that aren't marked.

HANK: Who the heck are you?

JERRY: I'm the assistant ranger on this district.

HANK: You the guy that marked this timber?

JERRY: Yeah. I marked the trees to cut. We want low stumps

and all the slash piled, and --

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HANK: Look here, mister. I was loggin' when you was knee-

high to a pup, and there ain't nobody tellin' me

how to fall a tree, see?

JERRY: Now listen. I'm telling you we want all the slash

piled up, and --

(SEVERAL ANGRY VOICES INTERRUPT)

HANK: You're tellin' us, huh?

JERRY: (HUFFY) Yes, I'm telling you.

ALF: Ay tank ay know planty 'bout fallin' trees. You

don't tell me nottin', by yimminy.

JERRY: (angrily) I'm telling you fellows. And you're going

to listen.

JIM: (JUST ARRIVING) Say -- What's the argument?

JERRY: Look here, Mr. Robbins. I was just telling these

fellows about cutting low stumps and they began to

get nasty.

ALF: He tank he own das forest.

JIM: Hello, there, Alf. Hello, Hank. -- Well, now. So

he's telling you how to cut timer. (CHUCKLES) Were

you listening?

HANK: I ain't lettin' no young kid tell me how to fall a

tree.

BAPTISTE: Hees geef too moch wot you call - uh - sass, huh?

HANK: Yeah. Too blamed fresh.

JIM: Now, don't get all worked up, Hank. Nothing to get

excited about. --- Well, let's see. -- Jerry was

speaking about cutting low down on the stump and

piling up the slash?

HANK: Sure, we know all that.

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JIM: Well, maybe he didn't know you fellows had worked on a national forest timber sale before. -- Jerry

Quick here is my new assistant ranger, boys.

BAPTISTE: Hees mark dees timber, huh?

JIM: Yes. He marked this timber, and you see, naturally

he's anxious to see that it's cut right.

HANK: I allus leave low stumps.

JIM: Sure. So do all the boys in this crew. Isn't that

right? (Chorus of "yeah's", sure's, "etc.)

JIM: Well, then what's all the argument about?

HANK: Well, he was --

JERRY: Say, listen, fellows. It's my fault. I'm sorry I

flew off the handle. You see, I didn't know you

fellows had done this kind of cutting before.

HANK: Well -- that's all right. -- Maybe I was gittin'

kinda ornery too.

JIM: Forget it, you fellows. -- Jerry, you needn't worry

about the boys not doing this job right. Look what

a good job of cutting they did down below -- all the

slash piled up neat as a whistle, and hardly a young

tree broken down in the whole area.

BAPTISTE: Sure. Dass right. Nevaire brak wan tree.

JERRY: That's right. It looks like it had never been cut,

HANK: Well, shake on it, pardner. No hard feelings, huh?

JERRY: Of course not. Thanks.

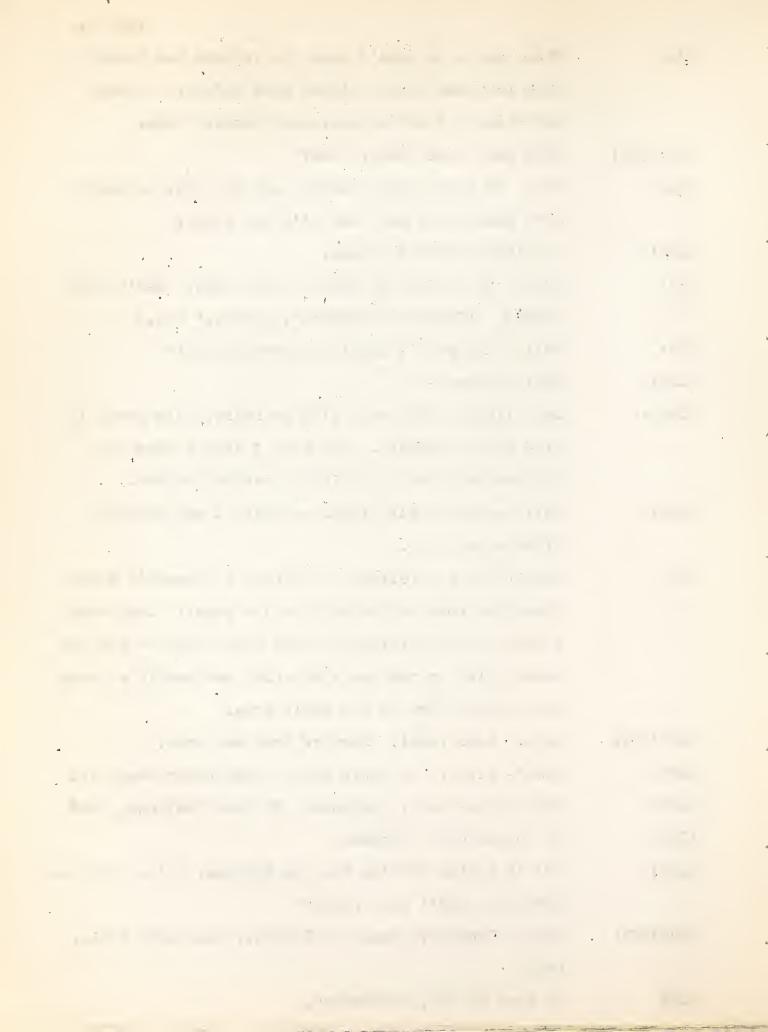
HANK: An' if you're working for Jim Robbins, we're with you

pardner. Ain't that right?

B/PTISTE: Sure. Meestaire Rangaire Robbins, hees gude fella,

huh?

ALF: Ay tank so too, by himminy.



JIM: Okay, boys. -- Say, Hank. Where's the boss?

HANK: Perkins? He went down to the mill this mornin'.

JIM: Well, maybe the bull cook'll have a little spare

grub for Jerry and me anyhow. What do you think?

HANK: Sure. It's bout time for the bell right now.

JIM: All right. Where do we wash up.

HANK: Right over there by the cook house. They's a tub

o' water there.

JIM: Fine. -- Come on, Jerry. Let's bathe the lily white

hands.

JERRY: All right, Mr. Robbins.

(PAUSE)

JIM: Here we are. Dip out a pan of water, Jerry. You're

first.

JERRY: No, you take this one. Here's another pan.

(SOUNDS OF SPLASHING WATER)

JIM: How come you had the boys all riled up, Jerry?

JERRY: I didn't mean to, Mr. Robbins. I was just starting

to tell them to be careful the way they cut down

trees, but they wouldn't take it.

JIM: That's it. Don't like to be told what to do. Loggers

are just like most other folks that way, Jerry.

JERRY: But they'd take it from you, wouldn't they?

JIN: Maybe so. -- Here, grab the soap. -- Whoa, slipped

right out of my hands.

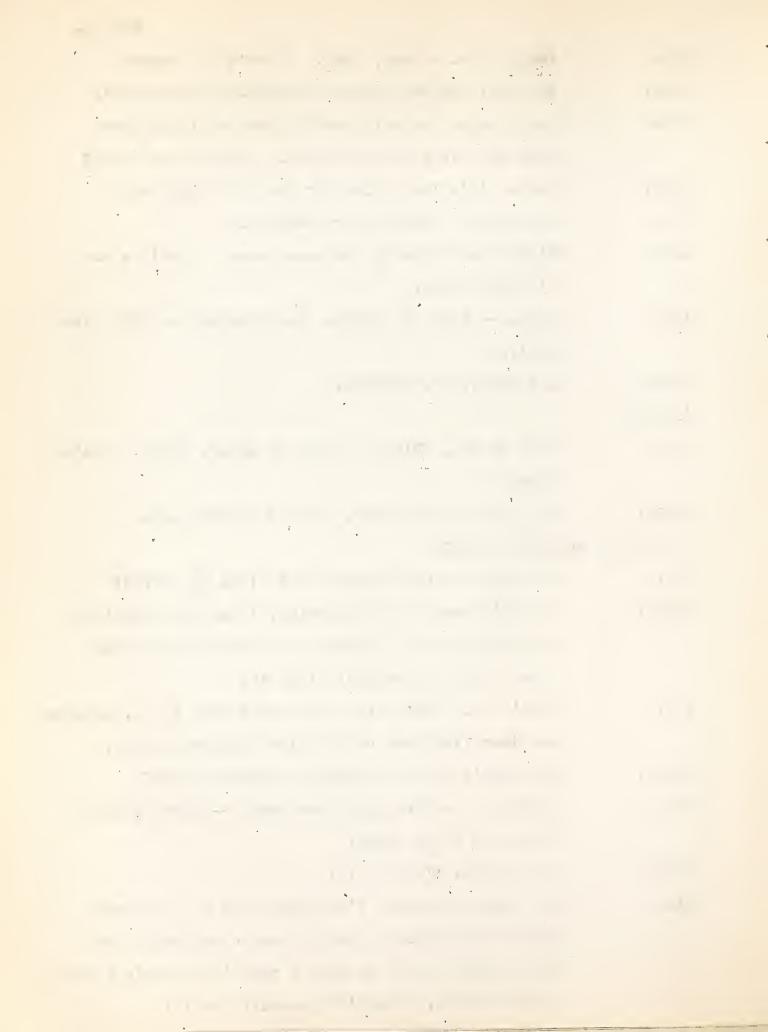
JERRY: Never mind. I'll get it.

JIM: All right -- Jerry, I've found that if you tackle

people in a friendly sort of way - and show them

why a thing out to be done - show 'em there's a good

reason for it, - they'll generally do it.



JERRY:

I guess that's right, Mr. Robbins.

JIM:

Yeah. Just treat 'em to a good friendly grin once in a while. Most folks are pretty reasonable even loggers. Reminds me of one time when I was in Arkansas years ago, Jerry. The Forest Service had just established the Ozark National Forest then, and there was a lot of squatters living around there who weren't any too friendly to the new Government rangers they sent in. There was one old codger by the name of Bill Shanks who was always setting fire to the woods, - to "green up the grass", he said. and he kept telling folks he wasn't going to have any rangers coming around his place - it wouldn't be healthy for 'em, he said -- Say, I bet Baptiste used this towel. You can almost make out his thumb prints here in the corner. -- Or maybe it's Hank's. I have seen whiter towels. -- But what about the squatter in Arkansas?

JERRY:

JIM:

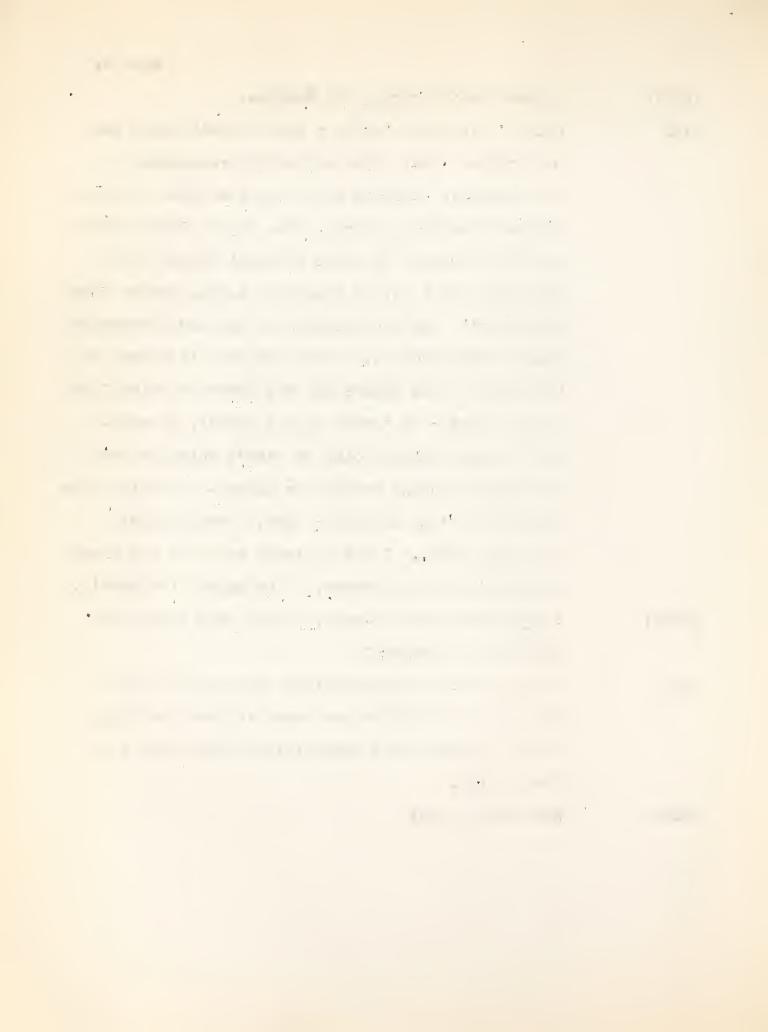
Oh yes. Well, the Supervisor told me I'd better

look in on this fellow and warn him about setting fires. I was just a young fellow about your age

then, Jerry.

JERRY:

What did you do?



JIM:

Well, I went over to his cabin and walked up to his door, and first thing I knew I was looking right into the muzzle of a shot gun, with Bill at the other end of it. Say, that gun looked as big as a cannon. -- Well, Bill said, "Are you the ranger?" and I managed to squeeze a weak little "yes" out of me. I sure was feeling shaky. "Well", he said, "I 'lowed I was goin' to shoot the first ranger that come around my place". -- I couldn't think for the life of me what would be the proper answer to that, so I just sort of grinned, and said "but that would be against the law, Mister". Maybe that struck him funny, but anyhow he commenced to grin too, and then he started laughing right out loud. -- No man that's any ways human could shoot another man when he's laughing with him. -- Well, anyway, first thing I knew I was sitting down to the table with him, and it wasn't long after that that Bill Shanks was helping us fight fire instead of burning up the woods himself. --

(SOUND OF STRIKING IRON TRIANGLE)

JIM: There goes the dinner bell, Jerry.

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AND BABEL OF VOICES)

JIM: Look at the stampede.

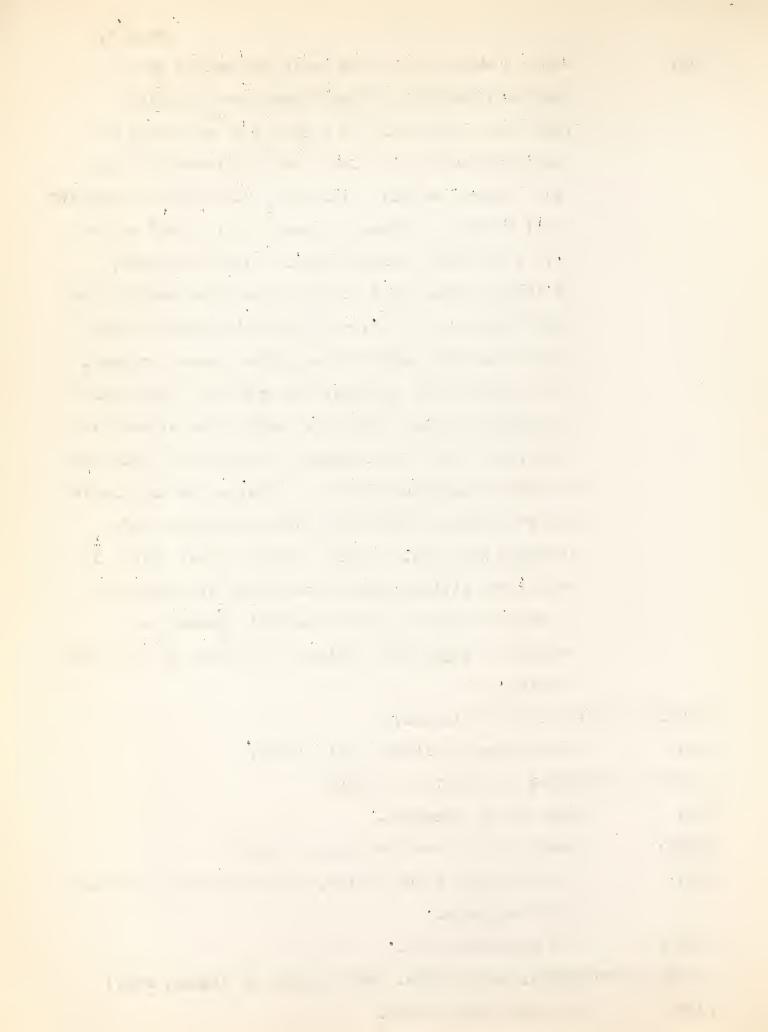
JERRY: Gosh, did you ever see such a rush?

JIM: Better hurry, young fellow, so you can get in on the first helpings.

JERRY: I'm right with you.

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS. MORE VOICES. THEN CLATTER OF DISHES, ETC.)

JIM: Sit down here, Jerry.



JERRY: All right.

(BABEL OF VOICES STOPS. CLATTER OF DISHES, ETC. CONTINUES

THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: (AFTER PAUSE) Say, Mr. Robbins --

JIM: Sh-h-h.

(PAUSE)

TERRY: (HALF WHISPER) These fellows sure eat fast, don't

they?

JIM: Sh-h-h.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: (HALF WHISPER) Say, I ---

JIM: Sh-h-h.

(PAUSE)

(BABEL OF VOICES SUDDENLY RESUMES, TOGETHER WITH SCRAPING OF BENCHES ON FLOOR, AND FOOTSTEPS)

JIM: Well, the bull cook sure puts on a good feed.

JERRY: Yeah. -- Say, what was all the "shushing" about?

JIM: (LAUGHS) Didn't you know it was a very great breach

of etiquette to talk at the table in a logging camp?

It just isn't done.

JERRY: Why is that?

JIM: I don't know. It's the unwritten law, I guess.

Or maybe the way the boys go for the food there

isn't any time left for table talk. -- Anyhow, it

keeps down arguments.

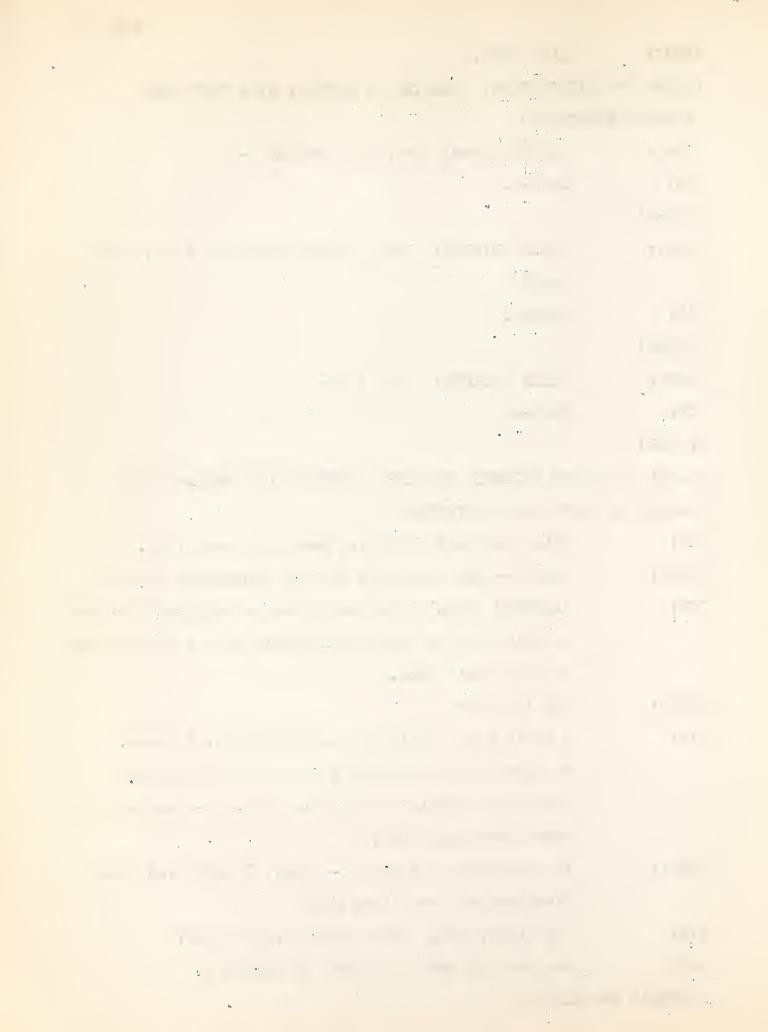
JERRY: It certainly does that. -- Gosh, I never saw food

disappear so fast in my life.

JIM: Hi, there, Alf. How was the apple-sauce?

ALF: She ban all gone too soon, by yimminy.

(SEVERAL MEN LAUGH)



JIM: That's too bad, Alf. -- Well, Hank. Going back on

the job?

HANK: Yeah. We gotta git back to work.

BAPTISTE: Oooh, Meestaire Robbins, you come opp in de woods,

I show you nize low stomp, by gar.

ALF: Ay tank ay cut shtomp planty lower dan Baptiste.

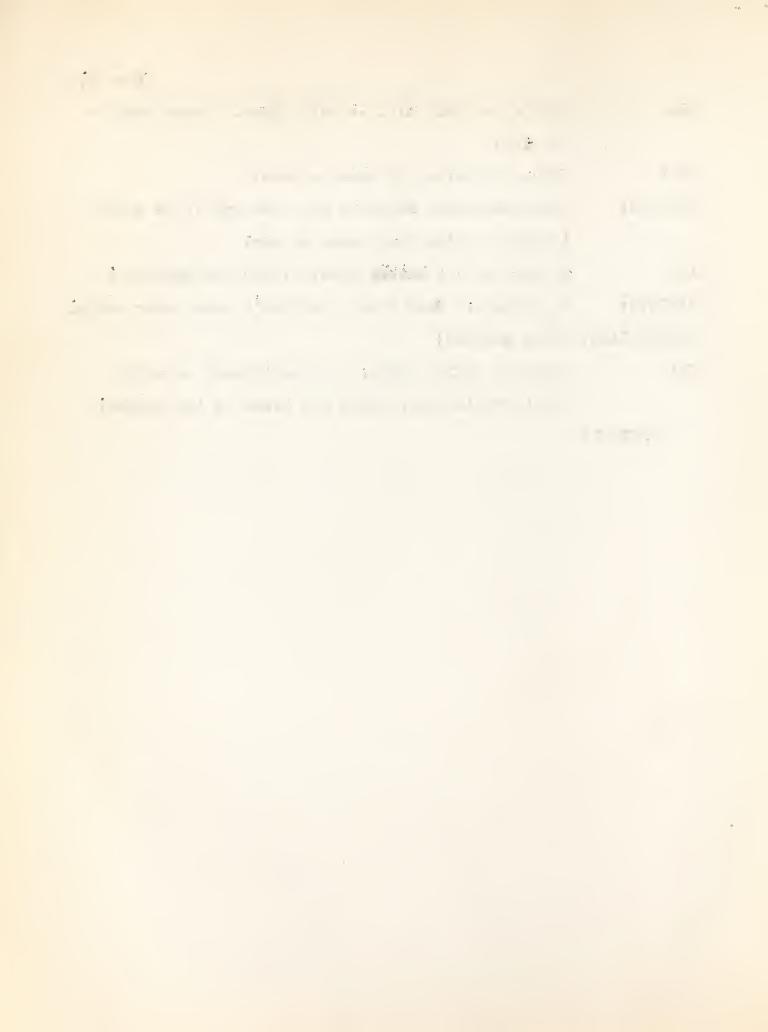
BAPTISTE: No, by gar. Wann I cut tree she's more lower stomp.

(VOICES FADE, STILL ARGUING)

JIM: (laughs) Well, Jerry. You don't need to worry

about getting your trees cut close to the ground.

(FADEOUT)



ANNOUNCER: We leave Jim and Jerry here. Next Thursday at this same hour, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again. --When timber is cut, there is often much waste. One form of waste occurs when high stumps are left after the trees are felled. The butt log contains the clearest and most valuable wood in the tree, and if a high stump is left, it means that several feet of this valuable wood is left to rot in the forest. The Forest Service therefore advises that trees be cut as close to the ground as practicable. When timber is cut on the national forests, the Forest Service also requires that the slash and debris left after logging be disposed of in some suitable way, often by piling and burning it at some safe time. Loose slash left in the forest is a high fire hazard, and every precaution must be taken to prevent a fire burning over an area following cutting, as this would kill or damage the remaining trees and leave the area waste and barren The Forest Service also insists that care be used to avoid breaking down young trees when the old ones are cut, for its object is to preserve the young trees for the next crop of timber and so keep the forest continuously productive.

Harvey Hays plays the role of Jim Robbins, others in today's cast were: (CAST)

These sketches of ranger life are presented by the United States Forest Service.

pmp February 4, 1932.

